

single coherent line of evolution can be traced from the apostolic age to the fourth century. Part of Dr Bradshaw's criticism of this approach stems from his belief that in the past over-confident assertions have been made on the basis of dogmatic rather than historical criteria. His conclusion that we must remain agnostic about many of the roots of Christian worship will, it is to be hoped, stimulate further research.

Dr Bradshaw does not leave his readers in total darkness. His treatment of the pattern of relationship of early Church orders is a model of scholarly research and he does lay down some guidelines for those who will take up his insights making, at the same time, interesting parallels between liturgical and scripture scholarship.

This book is a work for specialists who are prepared to be intrigued and teased. It will form a useful part of the kaleidoscope of Christian history as we discover that the patterns of early Christianity were vastly and worryingly more pluriform than many people are happy to accept.

BENET FISHER

**THAT'S THE WAY I SEE IT** by David Hockney; *Thames and Hudson*, London, 1993. Pp. 248, £24.95

Like *mesas* standing above the plains of the American Southwest, important commissions for theatre designs punctuate the twenty years of David Hockney's life covered by this book. The sets were large and called for new ways of depicting space, a bolder palette and inventive lighting; among the yields of these taxing works were a new freedom from the representational image and a daring use of strong colour.

The theatre is traditionally illusionistic, and his incidental study of Hogarth's "Methods of Perspective" brought Hockney to question not the effectiveness but the very purpose of illusion in painting, so that after designing the sets for *The Rake's Progress* there seemed no longer any compelling reason for aiming at *trompe l'oeil* in his pictures. That this did not lead to a flat two-dimensionalism is clear from a glance at any of the 365 illustrations in the book.

In plain terms for the plain reader the text argues the limitations of photography, the necessity of stylization and the values of abstraction. Not since the trenchant pages of Eric Gill in the 1930s, has a practising artist shared his thinking so clearly. It is a tribute to the skill of the editor, Nikos Stangos, in so rendering Hockney's spoken words into unaffected English prose that the Bradford accent is almost audible.

Some years ago Sheila Oliner the print-maker, à propos of my interest in Fra Angelico, suggested that I read David Hockney, but I could not then see the connection between the painter of swimming pools and the Dominican artist. Now the connection is evident, and Hockney's remarks on complex perspectives will help in 'reading' works like the Louvre *Coronation*.

MICHAEL PRENDERGAST

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